

HOLINESS TO THE LORD

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR



DESIGNED FOR THE PRESIDENT *Chf. Edward* JOSEPH F. SMITH
ADVANCEMENT OF THE YOUNG. — EDITOR. —

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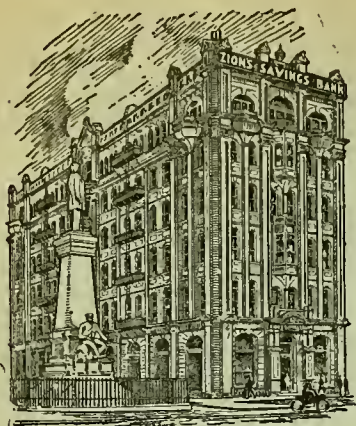
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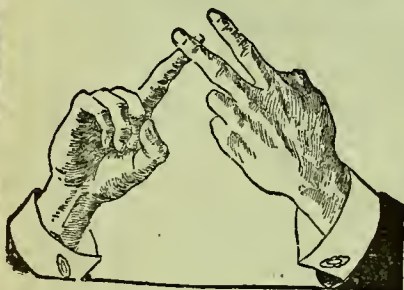
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"MOUNTAINEER" OVERALLS

DON'T RIP, ARE NOT SKIMPED
AND WEAR LIKE LEATHER



JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

ORGAN OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

VOL. XLI.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, AUGUST 1, 1906.

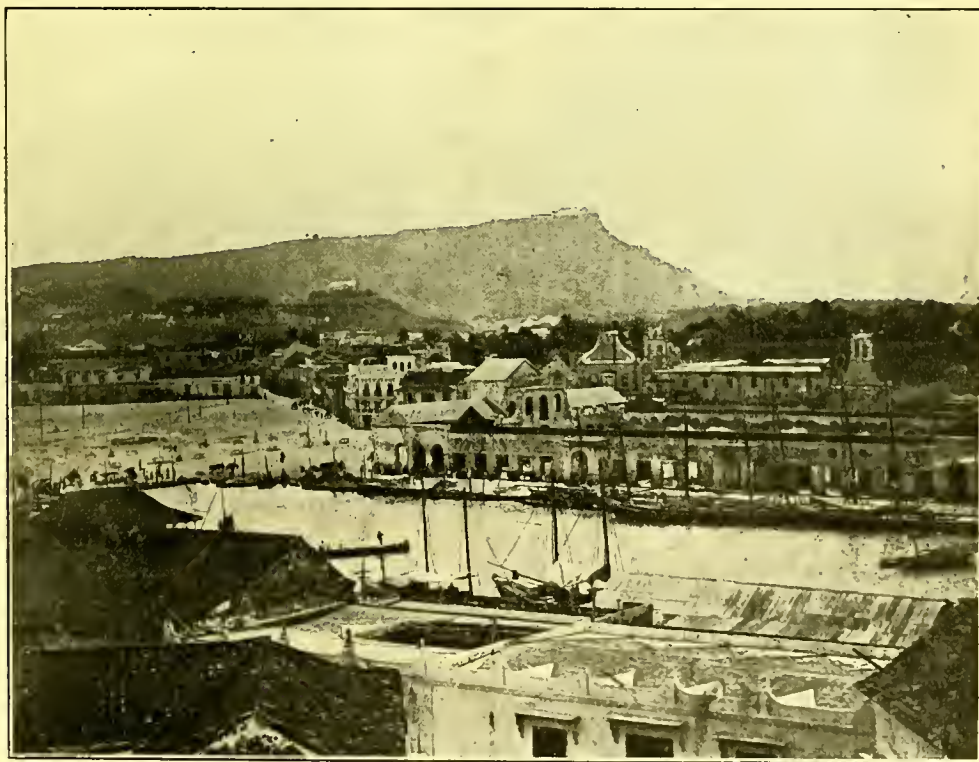
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CARTAGENA.



NOT a great many of the youthful readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR know that off on the southern shores of the Caribbean sea stands one of the most unique and interesting cities on the American continent, the name of this city is Cartagena. It was founded by a Spanish adventurer named

Pedro de Heredia, January 15, 1533. At that time Spain was engaged in plundering the Indian nations of South America and the vast wealth thus secured was for a time taken to Spain by way of the Isthmus of Panama, but owing to unhealthy conditions on the isthmus and the danger of attack by the pirates and buccaneers who frequented those seas, a more difficult but safer



LA POPA HILL AND CASTLE SAN FILIPI, FROM THE CITY WALLS, CARTAGENA.

route overland was selected. The gold was therefore conveyed on the backs of mules to Honda on the Magdalena river, down which it was taken to Cartagena and thence to Spain.

There is a very fine harbor at Cartagena protected by a low ridge of hills on the sea side and by higher ones on the land side. The town of Cartagena is built on a low sandy island at the eastern end of the bay. There are two openings through which ships formerly entered the bay. The wider of these is about five miles west of the city and is called Boca Grande. The other is a narrow channel several miles farther west and is called Boca Chica.

In order to protect his ill gotten wealth the king of Spain built a strong wall about the entire city; Boca Grande was blocked with stone and forts were built on either side of the Boca Chica and at other points about the bay, while on the land side on a detached hill about a mile from the city is a strong fort called Castle San Filipi. The walls and forts are said to have cost \$60,000,000, of treasure besides the lives of thousands of Indians who were compelled to do the greater part of the work. More than a thousand cannon bristled on the walls of forts and city and for 200 years made Cartagena one of the strongest fortified cities in the world; obtaining for it the title of the Gibraltar of the New World.

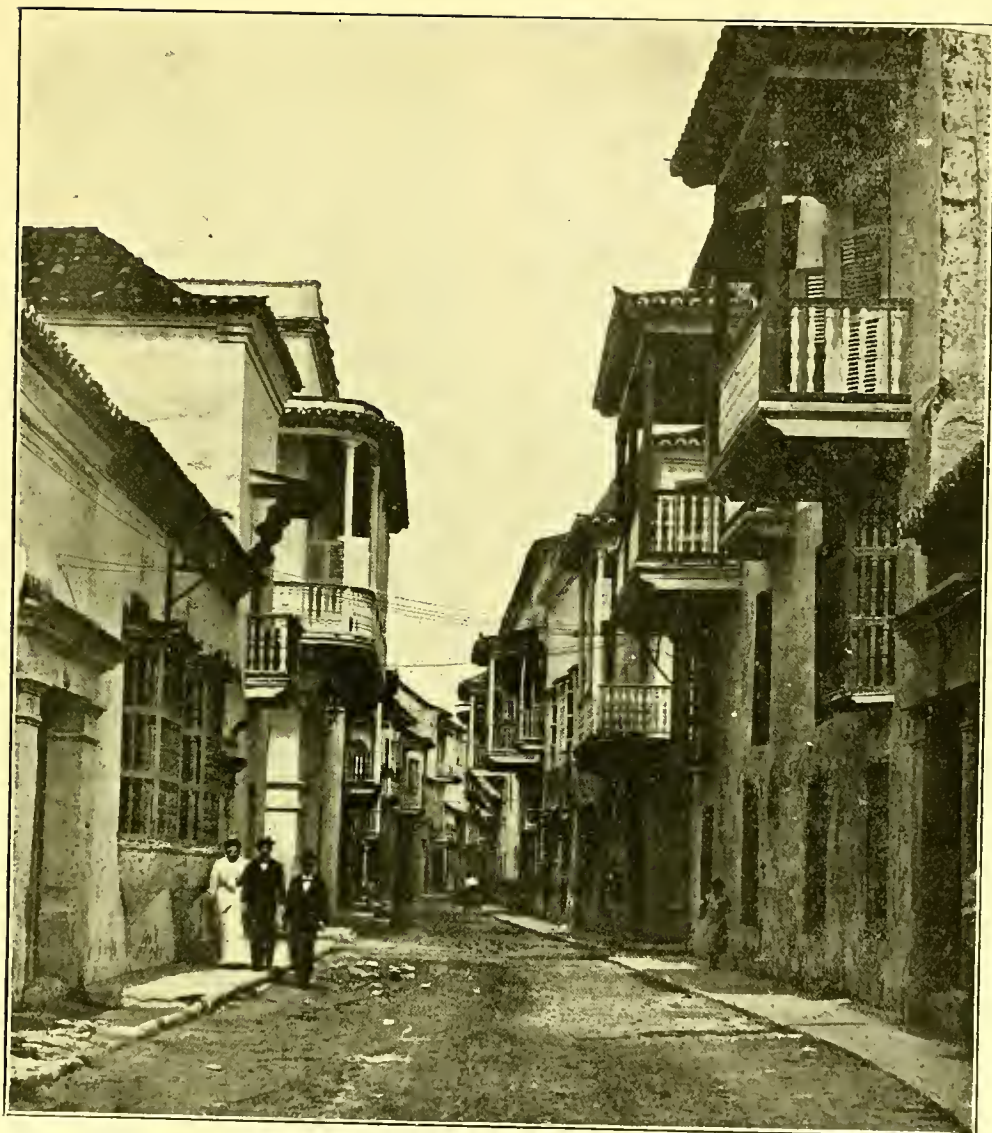
About a mile inland from Castle San Filipi is a bold promontory-like hill that rises several hundred feet above the bay, forming a conspicuous land mark visible from all of the surrounding country. On the top of the hill is the old convent of La Popa. The convent was suppressed many years ago and the buildings are now crumbling to ruins and would be deserted but that a lookout is maintained there who gives notice to the pilots of the approach of ships.

Space is valuable inside the city walls and as a result the streets are narrow, usu-

ally about 16 feet wide. The houses are built after the old Moorish style and are usually two or three stories high with balconies over the street. Nearly every house has an interior court and under the house a cistern where all rain water is preserved for drinking purposes, there are also immense cisterns in the walls, for the city depends entirely on the rain fall for its water supply. When the rain fails there is a famine for water. At the time of the writer's visit rain had not fallen for eight months and water was being sold for ten cents gold, per gallon.

If you should visit Cartagena, the first thing that would attract your attention as you approached from the sea would be the La Popa hill, after a while other hills would rise above the waves and finally the harbor entrance would become visible. A signal is given for a pilot and you see him approaching in a crazy looking little craft resembling a dug out canoe. The rowers are two half clad negroes. When the pilot is on board the steamer heads for the narrow entrance. It does not seem to be over 300 feet wide. On the left are the frowning walls and bastions and moats of Castle San Lorenzo, while on your right and seemingly built on piles and rising only four or five feet above the water is another small fort. There are no guns visible on the walls. No flag flies over the towers and no sentinel is seen on the ramparts, for the forts were abandoned longer ago than any one now living at Cartagena can remember.

Once in the harbor the ship turns northward and sails up the bay towards the city. The La Popa hill is always an interesting feature on your right, while a ridge of low hills shut out the sea on your left. After a while you see the cathedral towers in the city. Then, at a narrow part of the bay you pass two more forts, and two or three miles further on you come to the wharf, a mile below the city. Before you can tie up, the port officers



STREET IN CARTAGENA.

must come aboard and inspect the ship's papers, a doctor examines the passengers and finding them free from contagious diseases, they are allowed to go ashore. A dummy railroad carries you up to the city and lands you outside the city walls. You pass through a long, tunnel-like entrance that smells mouldy and damp, and emerge into an open space in front of an

old church, and then turn into the narrow street seen in the picture. To an American on his first jaunt in foreign lands, all is strange. The people are not of his race. The language he hears he cannot understand; the narrow streets, the strange buildings, all seem to impress upon you a sense of loneliness.

Joel Ricks.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LETTERS TO MY BOY.

XII.

My Dear Son:—

I want to tell you in this letter something about confidence in men. It is to be regretted when we lose confidence in those with whom we are associated in business life, in a social way, or in religious matters. It is always very unfortunate when men are disposed to discredit their fellowmen, especially when thereby they become pronounced in their lack of confidence in human nature. It sometimes happens that men's want of trust in their fellowmen is due almost altogether to a wrong standard which they set up for the judgment of their fellows.

Whether you can rely upon somebody's word depends upon what that word is. In a general way, I would like to divide the words that we rely upon in others into two classes: first, words of promise; and second, words of speculation or theory. When a man promises you that he will pay you a sum of money, or perform some labor, or meet an appointment at a given time, and in the promise you have some vital interest, you have a right to expect that he will keep his word; and if under such circumstances he treats his word lightly or disregards it altogether, you may be reasonably certain that he is not an honest man, especially if there is no satisfactory excuse for the violation of his promise. Now in a case of that kind, you will be safe in avoiding business relations with such a man; but still you may find him pleasant socially and he may be even a good citizen in many respects, even though he be lacking in what is called business honor. You cannot make a single defect in a man's nature a reasonable conclusion that he is therefore wrong in all things. As a rule, those who lack business honor are not trustworthy men.

Very often you will run across men who

say one thing today and another thing tomorrow. You may think from their talk that you will know how they will act under any given circumstance; but you may have more occasion to wonder at the reliability of men whose theories change and whose conduct is not what you had a right to expect.

Now I shall try to tell you something about the second class, about men whose talk is no criterion of what they will do later on, or what they may even say after a few weeks. We say of such people that they are very inconsistent. They are changeable, sometimes even fickle. Many men change so in their views that you cannot tell what they will do by what they say or whether they can be relied upon to do the things they declared they would do, at a certain future time.

There are three reasons for this kind of unreliability that I would like to call your attention to. The first is boastfulness; the second hypocrisy; the third is selfishness. Whenever you find any one of these qualities in a man, you may come to the conclusion the Indian drew when he said: "White man heap talk;" and then when he had been disappointed in the white man's word he exclaimed: "White man heap uncertain."

There are two kinds of boastful men: men who talk to please themselves, to tell of their own virtues; and men who talk to please others. The first class may have more vanity, but they are really less harmful. You may always be wary of a man who boasts to please you. He is a special type of politician who feeds on the vanity of his fellowmen. He deals in people as a kind of merchandize and hopes to use them later on. If you have judgment, you will learn to put the proper value upon the words of the boastful and take them only for what they are worth; and if they do not do as

they declared they would under certain circumstances, you have not been misled by them and therefore are not injured.

Now and then, you will run across people who know their own unworthiness but do not want you to know it, so they are always pretending what they do not feel in order that they may gain the favors and sympathy of their fellows. They have peculiar manners by which you can generally know them. They are lavish in their talk and often excessively full of praises. You need not, therefore, be surprised if they do not meet your expectations by doing what their words gave you reason to expect they would do.

Lastly, I come to those who are so uncertain because they are so selfish. They are men who will do as they said they would do if nothing in the meantime arises to make it their interest to do something else. They will meet what you had a right to expect of them, if some selfish interest does not turn them in another direction. These descriptions which I have here given you of men belong to human weaknesses that are sown in human nature like the tares in wheat. You can't get rid of them before the harvest. Such evils may some-

times be so great that they choke out of men pretty much all of the good there is in them. People who know the difference between wheat and tares in human nature are wise, but they are not always patient. They may be able to protect themselves, but be wrong in their judgment and treatment of their fellowmen who possess the weaknesses about which I have been writing to you. It helps us very much in life to be patient with the weaknesses of human nature, because in time many of these weaknesses like tares will be separated and burnt. That is why the Bible admonishes us to be charitable.

Now the lesson of this letter to you is a twofold one. First, not to be imposed upon and therefore not to be disappointed in men that you cannot always rely upon; and in the second place, not to judge them harshly because, perhaps, of some defects that time and patience and the grace of God will remove. Think of these evils to which I have called your attention and ask yourself how many of them you possess and then remove them as rapidly as you can from your own life; and the process of getting rid of your own weaknesses will make you more charitable to others.

RIVALS WITHOUT JEALOUSY.

ONE Saturday afternoon, some months ago while traveling in a certain part of the country, the writer came across two baseball teams engaged in a sharply contested game. Each side was well represented by a host of loyal supporters. The game was a very exciting one, and for a long time we were kept in suspense as to which side would carry the day. At last the game came to an end, with a victory for the visitors. But instead of taking their defeat good-naturedly, and honoring their superiors, the home team began to abuse the

visitors and their friends, calling them vile names and exhibiting considerable rank jealousy. The visitors bore the insults without retaliation, and quietly packing up their outfit they bade their opponents good-bye and quit the field.

It is rare to see men of equal talents who are not jealous of each other, but there is an example of the contrary found in the history of Greece which is worthy of emulation.

Protogenes and Apelles were two celebrated painters. The former lived at

Rhodes. He was only known to Apelles by reputation and by the fame of his pictures. Apelles, wishing at last to assure himself of the beauty of his works, went on purpose to Rhodes. Arrived at the house of Protogenes, he found there only an old woman who kept her master's studio, and a canvas on the easel, on which there was as yet nothing of paint. The old woman asked his name. "I am going to put it here," replied Apelles; and taking a pencil with color, he sketched something with extreme delicacy. Protogenes, on his return, having learned what had passed, and regarding the sketch with admiration, was not long in divining the author. "It must be Apelles!" he cried; "no one else could draw a sketch so fine and so light!" Then, seizing himself another pencil with a different

color, he drew on the same features a contour more correct and more delicate, and told his old servant that if the stranger returned, she had only to show him what he had just done, telling him at the same time that it was the work of the man he came to seek. It was done as he said; but Apelles, ashamed of seeing himself outdone by his competitor, took a third color, and amongst the lines that had been drawn, he traced others with such marvelous skill that he exhausted all the subtlety of his art. Protogenes, having distinguished these last lines, said, "I am conquered, and I must hasten to embrace my rival and my conqueror." So he flew to the port of Rhodes, and having there found Apelles, he formed with him a close friendship which was never after interrupted. *M.*

SOWING AND REAPING.

"WHATSOEVER a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

In the month of August last year, a small company of Latter-day Saints started on a tour through the Yellowstone National Park. Several interesting incidents occurred during the trip, one of which I will relate.

We were on the "home stretch" and about nine miles from the Fountain Hotel. Quite early one morning a gentleman and lady, traveling on foot, passed our camp. We thought that they were out for a morning walk, and were, perhaps, located a short distance from the road.

As soon as breakfast was over and our camp cleaned up, we resumed our journey. As we turned a bend in the road about ten o'clock that morning, we came across the same gentleman and lady sitting by the roadside. As we approached, the former hailed us and asked us if we would be kind enough to take his wife, who had become quite sick, to the Fountain Hotel.

We were quite heavily loaded and it seemed almost impossible for us to crowd anything more into our wagon. One of our number spoke up and said, "When there is room in the heart, there is generally room in the wagon." So we set to work, and finally got a comfortable seat fixed up for the sick woman. Her husband offered to pay us liberally, but we declined any remuneration, saying, "The doing of a kind act always brings its reward in the good feeling the person experiences who performs it." With his blessing upon us, we proceeded on our way.

In a short time the lady began to show signs of recovery, and in about half an hour she was chatting pleasantly with us. She told us that she had assisted her husband for eighteen years in conducting a large grocery store in Nebraska, that their children were now able to take charge of the business and that she and her husband were out enjoying a well-earned rest. They had decided to make a tour of the Park on

foot, after which they would visit the World's Fair at Portland; from the last named place they would go to Salt Lake City, after which they would return home.

We told the lady that we were Latter-day Saints, and asked her if she would have any objection to our singing a typical Mormon hymn. She not only had no objection, but would be delighted to listen to us. We recited, analysed, and sang the song, "O My Father," after which we engaged in a very interesting conversation concerning the religious belief of the Latter-day Saints. The lady listened with the most profound respect, and appeared to be highly interested in our account of the restoration of the Gospel.

At last we reached the hotel, where we parted with our good friend. As we bade her good-bye, the tears coursed down her cheeks. "May the Lord bless you all," she said, "for the kindness you have shown to me this day, and should any one of you ever need a benefactor, I hope that one may be raised up to befriend you as you have befriended me.

Two days later we entered the "Jackson Hole" country. In the afternoon of the third day we came to a very steep hill, the steepest that we had ever encountered. We were told that the hill was six miles in

length and that it would require several hours for us to get over it.

We all dismounted and prepared for the long, weary tramp over the hill. We walked for about an hour, at the end of which time the lady members of the party felt very tired. It was a lonely part of the country. Sometimes two or three days would pass without a team going over the road. We were despairing of reaching the top of the hill before nightfall, when the sound of a wagon was heard, and in a few minutes a man with a pair of fine young horses attached to a light spring wagon, overtook us. He was of a kind and friendly disposition, and without waiting to be asked for a ride, he told us to climb into his empty wagon and he would take us over the hill.

When we reached the top of the hill we were about to get out, but our friend told us to stay in the wagon and he would take us to his home, where we could remain for the night. We were very cordially received by his wife and treated with much kindness, and we found that our friend had carried us a distance of nine miles, the same distance that we had carried the sick lady a few days before. We felt that the bread which we had cast upon the waters had indeed returned to us again.

Kind deeds, like kind words, never die.

W. A. M.

MUSIC.

"Such Music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung.

* * * *

"The Father spake! In grand reverberations

Through space rolled on the mighty music tide,
While to its low, majestic modulations,
The clouds of chaos slowly swept aside,
And wheresoever, in His rich creation,
Sweet music breathes, in wave, or bird, or
soul,

'Tis but the faint and far reverberation
Of that great tone to which the planets roll."



MUSIC PERSONIFIED.

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THE PRE-EXISTENCE OF MAN.

(BASED ON THE WRITINGS OF ELDER ORSON PRATT.)



MAN in this life consists of a body of flesh and bones, quickened and animated by a living, intelligent spirit. It has been supposed that spirit begins to exist within the mortal tabernacle while it is yet in embryo, and that, prior to the organization of the body, the spirit had no existence. These are the views of modern Christendom. We shall endeavor to prove that this view of the subject is incorrect.

There is nothing unreasonable in the pre-existence of spirits. If spirits can exist after death in a state of happiness or misery, is there any reason why they cannot exist prior to the organization of the body? If they can think, and will, and move after they leave the body, why can they not exercise these functions before they take possession of the body? If the destruction of the body is not the death of the spirit, then it must be admitted that the spirit is in no way dependent on the body for its existence, and therefore it can exist prior to the body, as well as after it. The disorganization of the body does not deprive the spirit of life, neither does the organization of the body give to the spirit life; it possesses life itself. Life and intelligence are not the result of organization, but they are the cause, and therefore they must exist before the effects can follow. Our bodies are formed from the dust of the earth, but are our spirits made from the same material? If they were, then they would at death return to dust but as they are not reduced to dust, like the body, they must be formed of materials far superior to those of the earth. Where did those materials come from? They came from God. Solomon, when speaking upon the subject of death, says,

"Then shall the dust return to earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it. (Eccles. 12: 7.) According to this passage, the spirit has not an earthly origin, but a heavenly one. It came from God—it returns to God. God who gave it also receives it back into His presence.

Could the spirit return to God if it never were in His presence? Could we return to a place where we never were before? If, then, the spirits of men existed with God, and came from Him to animate mortal bodies, they must either be created in heaven at the time the infant tabernacles are being formed, or else they existed before. If the spirit is formed in heaven at the time the earthly house is being prepared for its reception, then God must have been engaged in the work of creating spirits at the rate of many millions per year, which is the number born into our world in the same time. Now we read that God made all things pertaining to our earth, in six days, and rested on the seventh. Can we suppose for one moment that God neglected the formation of spirits in the grand work of creation? Can we suppose that He has been engaged in creating human spirits for this earth ever since He pronounced the heavens and the earth, and all things therein, finished and very good? Such an idea is inconsistent and unscriptural.

Again, would a good and wise Being create spirits, and, before they had time to prove themselves by obeying or disobeying His laws, thrust them out of His presence—banish them from His glorious kingdom—shut them up in earthly tabernacles—hide His face from them—and subject them to temptation, wretchedness and misery? Now if we suppose that the spirit

is formed in heaven while the embryo tabernacle is being formed upon the earth, then it has no time to gain experience in the presence of its Creator; it has no time to act upon its agency; it has no time to obey or disobey; but as soon as it is formed it is, according to this supposition, banished into dreary exile from the presence of its Father; and from the glory of heaven, to linger out a life of sorrow in an earthly tabernacle. Such a supposition is absurd, and at war with the attributes of goodness, justice, and mercy which appertain to Deity.

Inasmuch as Scripture informs us that the spirit of man existed with God and came from Him, and returns to Him, it is reasonable to believe that its formation took place at a period anterior to the organization of the body. This period of pre-existence must have been sufficiently long to have educated and instructed the spirit in the laws and order of government pertaining to the spiritual world, to have rendered itself approved or disapproved by those laws; to have been tried in all points according to its capacities and knowledge, and the free agency which always accompanies and forms part of the nature of intelligent beings; in fine, the period of pre-existence must have been sufficiently long to have constituted a probationary state, or the first estate, wherein the spirits are on trial, and may fall, and be reserved in chains of darkness unto the judgment of the great day.

The pre-existence of man is a doctrine which was believed by the ancients. The disciples of Jesus, when observing a man who had been blind from his birth, put the following question to their Master: "Who did sin, this man, or his parents, that he was born blind?" (John 9: 2.) It is evident from the nature of this question, that the disciples considered it possible for a man to sin before he was born, and that, in consequence of such sin he might be born

blind. This passage shows that the disciples not only believed in the pre-existence of man, but believed that he was an intelligent agent, governed by laws which he was capable of obeying or disobeying; and that his sins in his former state might be the cause of his being born blind, and that his condition in his present state was affected by his acts in a former state. The Savior, in replying to this question, said: "Neither hath this man sinned nor his parents, but that the works of God should be made manifest in him." (Verse 3.) Now, if the pre-existence of man was not a true doctrine, why did not our Savior take this opportunity to correct the ideas of his disciples by telling them that the blind man could not sin before he was born? Why did He merely tell them that his blindness was not the effect of the sins of himself or his parents? Why did He still leave the impression upon their minds that the blind man had a pre-existence?

Jesus, himself, believed in pre-existence, for He said: "I proceeded forth and came from God; neither came I of myself, but He sent me." And again, He said: "Before Abraham was, I am." (John 8: 42, 58.) Jesus prays thus: "And now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self, with the glory which I had with thee before the world was."

Having proved that the pre-existence of man is reasonable and scriptural, we shall next show that this pre-existence can be traced back to a period before the foundation of the world. The Lord asked a question of Job in relation to this matter. He inquires: "Where wert thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? Declare, if thou hast understanding. Who laid the cornerstone thereof, when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?" (Job 38: 4, 6, 7.) If Job had no prior existence, he could have easily answered the Lord's first question. He could have replied, that

when the foundations of the earth were laid, I, Job, did not exist. The very question implies that Job was in existence at the time of the organization of the globe, but that he had not sufficient understanding as to the place where he existed to correctly answer the question put to him. Neither could he remember "who laid the cornerstone thereof;" neither could he recollect the song of the morning stars; neither could he call to mind the shout of joy which was uttered by the vast assembly of all the sons of God.

Jesus calls Himself "the bright and morning star." (Rev. 22: 15.) And in another place he represents Himself as "the beginning of the creation of God." (Rev. 3: 14.) Paul says that Jesus is the image of the invisible God—the firstborn of every creature. (Col. 1: 15.) As Jesus is the firstborn Son of God, it is evident that all the other sons of God would be His younger brethren, begotten of the same Father. Therefore Paul represents Him as the firstborn among many brethren. (Romans 8: 29.) And in another place he says: "Both He that sanctifieth and they who are sanctified are all of one; for which cause He is not ashamed to call them brethren." (Heb. 11: 11.) That the brethren here spoken of are the sons of God, begotten by the same Father that Jesus was, is evident from another saying of the apostle: "We have had fathers of our flesh, which corrected us, and we gave them reverence: shall we not much rather be in subjection unto the Father of spirits, and live?" (Heb. 12: 9.) Our earthly fathers are called the "fathers of our flesh," while God is called "the Father of spirits." Earthly fathers have no power to beget spirits; they beget only the bodies of flesh, or the tabernacles; while our heavenly Father begets the spirits, or the living beings which come from Him to inhabit the tabernacles.

"The Firstborn" of all this great family

of spirits holds, by virtue of His birthright, a pre-eminence in all things; hence it is written, "When He bringeth in the First Begotten into the world He saith, And let all the angels of God worship Him." (Heb. 1: 6.) The oldest spirits, or the First Begotten, hold the keys of salvation towards all the rest of the family of spirits. The "Firstborn" spirit is called "The Morning Star," because He was born in the morning of creation, or, in other words, because He was "The beginning of the creation of God." His younger brethren were called "morning stars" because they were also born in the morning of creation, being the next in succession in the order of the spiritual creation.

"The Father of spirits" having filled one of the celestial kingdoms with His own sons and daughters—the fruit of His own loins,—gave commandment unto His "Firstborn" to organize out of the eternal elements another world. In obedience to this great commandment, "The First Begotten," accompanied by all his younger brethren who had kept their "first estate," proceeded to lay the foundations of the earth and the cornerstone thereof. And upon this grand occasion "The morning stars sang together." The Lord does not reveal to Job the sentiments contained in this song. It, no doubt, contained sentiments suitable to the majesty, greatness and magnificence of the work which they had commenced.

The foundations of a mighty world were being laid—the cornerstones were placed in their appropriate position. Upon these, or around these, as a central nucleus, was to be erected a magnificent globe, arrayed in all the gorgeous splendor of celestial workmanship. Around these eternal elements hovered thousands of millions of the sons of God, which were the spirits of men. By the spirit of prophecy, they looked upon the vast field of

unorganized materials which lay stretched out almost to infinity in the boundless ocean of space which surrounded them. They saw that these materials were to be formed and fashioned into a ponderous globe, prepared and adorned for their future residence, where they would exist, and live and move in earthly tabernacles; where they would sway the sceptre of dominion over all the lower orders of creation; where they would become fathers of fleshly bodies, in like manner as God was the Father of their spirits. They saw the fall, redemption, and eternal exaltation of the sons of God, and the glorification of the earth which they were forming, which should become their abiding place forever. In the contemplation of the magnificent sceneries which rolled in awful grandeur before them, their bosoms swelled with indescribable joy; they gave utterance to their feelings in rapturous strains of melodious music, which reverberated from world to world, filling all the heavens with

the praises of God, while eternity itself trembled with joy.

They not only had singing to celebrate the beginning of the organization of this earth, but "all the sons of God shouted for joy." Who can contemplate this grand event without being almost overpowered with the ideas of greatness and magnificence which force themselves upon the mind? All the generations of men that have ever lived, or that ever will live upon the earth, were assembled upon that occasion. They were the sons of God; they were the ones who shouted for joy. Their united voices must have been as the voice of many waters driven by fierce tempests, whose mountain waves break with awful majesty upon the rock-bound coast. A shout of joy breaking forth simultaneously from the vast world of spirits, must have been as the rolling of ten thousand thunders reverberating from mountain to mountain, till the whole earth trembles under the power thereof.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EISENACH AND THE WARTBURG



HERE are several ways leading to the princely castle, called the Wartburg, which overlooks Eisenach, a thriving little town of some 25,000 inhabitants, situated in the finest part of the Thuringia forest, which is nearly seventy miles long and over six miles in breadth.

Since 1595 the castle has been the residence of the dukes of Saxe-Eisenach. This family became extinct in 1741. The castle now belongs to Weimar.

The most imposing view of the Wartburg is from the town side, but the path leading up the other side is shady and the walk picturesque.

At the foot of the mountain many women are carrying baskets loaded with

wood on their backs, which in some instances are piled higher than the women's heads. These are the poor, who receive permits to gather wood in the opposite part of the Thuringia forest.

The Wartburg is 1290 feet above sea level and 565 feet above Eisenach. The ascent is gradual, affording a delightful walk through this part of the forest. After a considerable climb the carriages are left, or they are exchanged for donkeys, which carry us within 25 feet of the top. Here the path is quite precipitous, but heavy side rails are placed on either side of the steps, which materially help the climbers.

The Wartburg was founded in 1070 A. D. by Louis the Springer, and was occupied by the landgraves of Thuringia until 1247 A.D., when the family became ex-

tinct. It is now the occasional residence of the Grand Duke of Weimar. It is one of the finest buildings in the Romanesque style now existing, and since 1847 has been restored to its original form, and is appropriately decorated.

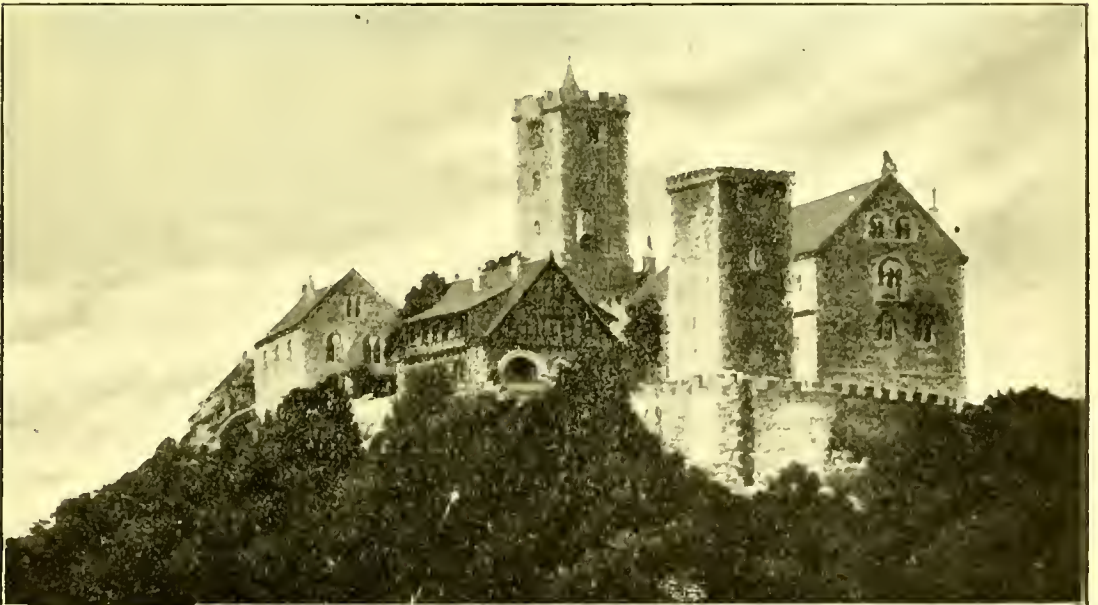
A picture is shown in the gallery, where Louis its founder is clearing away the wild shrubs that grew between the rocks, in order that the foundation might be hewn out. In places the solid rock has been leveled off for a considerable distance. The inside views of the castle grounds are quite extensive, and from the towers a fine view of the surrounding country may be obtained. The entrance—a double set of doors, one set a foot thick—is guarded by soldiers, and is gained by crossing the drawbridge which spans the old moat. In the restoration of the castle care has been taken to present to us a faithful picture of the building in the twelfth century, the era of its glory, when contests of the greatest mediæval German poets were given during its occupancy by the art-loving margraves.

A great feast was held here in 1887, which was celebrated by students all over Germany.

It was here that Martin Luther found an asylum in the beginning of the sixteenth century, and where the mighty struggle for religious liberty took its rise.

Interesting reminiscences of the Reformer, who was intercepted on his return from Worms, and conducted hither by his friend, Elector Frederick the Wise, are still preserved in the Ritter Haus in the Wartburg, and are shown in a room which has undergone but little alteration since that time.

This room contains Luther's table, drinking cup, bookcase, a fine oil painting of himself, and other mementoes. It was here that the great reformer was studiously engaged in his translation of the Bible from May 4, 1521, to March 6, 1522. Luther claimed that the devil appeared to him in the room, and he threw an ink bottle at him, the ink spattering all over the wall. Nearly all the plaster thus defaced

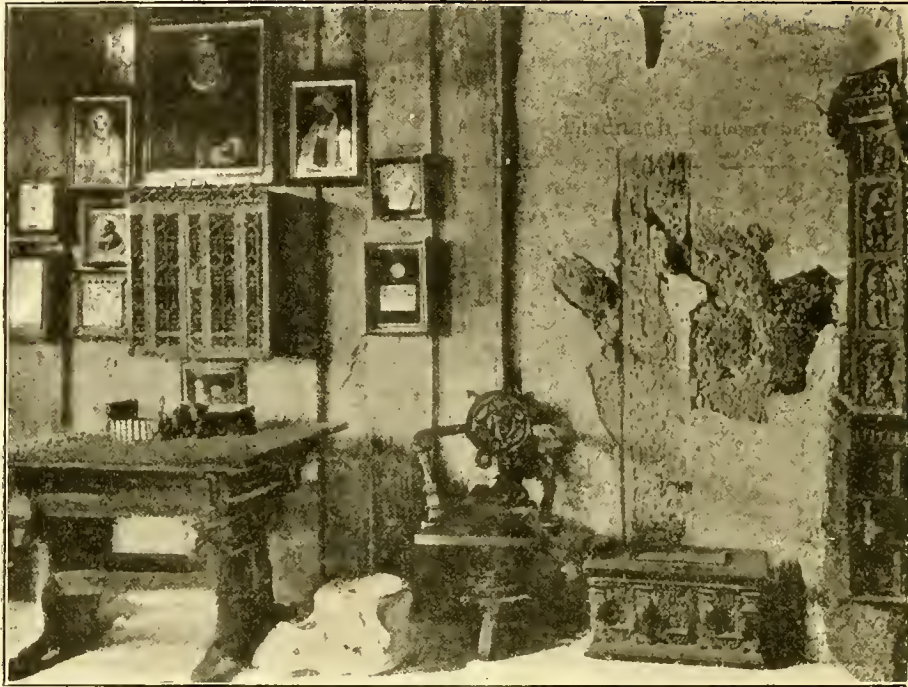


THE WARTBURG.

has been cut off and taken away by visitors for souvenirs.

There are two casement windows to the room, which overlook the beautiful scenery for miles around. The sun is shining, and gold-flecked fleecy clouds are hanging in

The Sanger hall, in which the traditional Sanger-krieg, or contest between the rival minstrels of Germany is said to have taken place, contains paintings representing that event. The characters represented are designated as Wagner, Mozart, Lizst and



LUTHER'S ROOM.

the azure sky. This view must have charmed Luther, giving him a breath of the outside world, for he was virtually a prisoner in this almost severely plain room, which is gained by a high flight of stairs, and is shut off from the bustle of life, which is all below it.

This part of the castle is some distance from the armory hall, which is well filled with all manner of implements of war, different kinds of mail worn by the warriors of old, banners, flags and color standards, now fast going to decay.

In the Landgrafenhaus we visited the landgrafen room, embellished by frescoes representing scenes from the history of the first landgraves, which are very interesting.

others, while the platform is adorned with figures of the minstrels, with quotations from their ballads.

The Elizabeth gallery is adorned by scenes from the life of Elizabeth—1207-1241. She was the daughter of Andreas II. of Hungary, and wife of the Landgrave Louis the Clement, of Thuringia.

Then to the chapel, with its stained glass, quaint and old, where the ducal families were wont to worship. It is beautifully kept and upholstered, as though used but yesterday.

On the third floor of the building is the Fest hall, where the singing contest is said to have taken place, and is so represented in Tannhauser. It is said that the

contestants were so eager and determined that blows were even indulged in. It is used now 'occasionally for noted gatherings. In very recent years, a ball was given there, at which Wilhelmina, Queen of Holland, was one of the distinguished guests. It has a highly polished floor and artistic decorations. How it looks with people, flags and banners, is also shown in Tannhauser.

What more historical place, more picturesque or more beautiful, with gorgeous scenery, could Wagner have chosen for the home of his masterpiece? The almost inaccessible castle, where the holy Elizabeth mourned a warrior husband who returned not from the holy crusade, her wanderings in the castle grounds after she was cast

out, with her four children, by her cruel father-in-law, and her grief that caused her to dedicate her life to the good of others, finally entering a convent, at peace with all the world. Her apartments in the castle are shown, and paintings portraying scenes in her life and her death.

Far above the din and noise of the world, how beautiful, how grand, the Wartburg! The cradle of religious liberty, the castle of vivid memories and grand associations, the place immortalized by Richard Wagner! Over it the sun sinks gaudily to rest. The eve is mellowed until all the tints have faded away. The scene is then flooded by moon light's silvery sheen, till we behold it glorified.

Lydia D. Alder.

TAKE TIME.

Take time to think:

Thought oft will save thee from the snare,
Bring thee to cooling streams and bowers,
Spare thee from nursing needless care,
Surround thee with defensive towers;
Yield thee the harvest of content,
Lift thee from dust to starry ways,
Discover comfort heaven-sent
In thy most dark and cheerless days;
Therefore, take time to think.

Take time to pray:

For when thou pray'st the vision's cleared,
The voice is toned, the will's subdued,
The dear are to thee more endeared,
And the soul's failing strength renewed.
In prayer the purest words are spoken,
The mind receives heaven's holy light,
The heart is given the Spirit's token,
The hands are charged with wisdom's might;
Therefore, take time to pray.

Take time to praise:

Praise is the witness that you see,
Or hear, or feel, or understand,
Or trust where there is mystery
About the workings of His hand.
It is thy child attempt to prove
Thy kinship with the hosts above,
Who, as they in God's presence move,
Praise Him for His exhaustless love,
Therefore, take time to praise.

Take time to work:

Know what a privilege it is
To work with God, to have thy hand
Engaged for Him, thy energies
Developing 'neath his command.
To share the stores of grace and truth
Which to His faithful ones are given;
In service to maintain thy youth,
And hear the Lord's "Well done!" in heaven.
Therefore, take time to work.

The Christian.



EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

SALT LAKE CITY, - - AUGUST 1, 1906

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TESTIMONY BEARING.



IN the regular meetings or worshiping assemblies of the Latter-day Saints, speakers are usually called without previous notification; and as a consequence, the delivery of prepared sermons and the reading of written addresses are practically unknown in such gatherings. Extempore addresses are a feature of the exercises incident to our public worship; and these addresses are of varied kind as to fitness and worth. While some elders are humbly and worthily responsive to the influence of inspiration, and become worthy dispensers of the milk and meat and bread of truth as the hearers require, others are not so blessed, at any rate to an equal extent.

The practice of testimony-bearing is common in our assemblies,—so common indeed as to be almost commonplace. The speaker who confesses to the people that he has nothing in mind to say usually attempts to condone for his lack of a suitable theme and for his poverty of subject matter, by bearing his testimony—in form at least—as to the genuineness of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and as to the validity of the authority claimed and exercised by its officers.

Frequently we hear in meeting some such declaration as the following, uttered perhaps by the speaker called without warning or notice, or spoken by one who rises voluntarily to address the congregation: "Although I have nothing to say in the nature of teaching or admonition, I can bear my testimony unto you, as I am ever ready to do. I do know for myself, and not on the faith or belief of others, that this is truly the Church of Jesus Christ; that the Gospel as taught by the Church is the everlasting Gospel restored to earth as promised of old; that Joseph Smith was indeed a prophet of the living God, and the prophet through whom the Church of Jesus Christ was restored to the earth in this the dispensation of the fulness of times; and the living authorities in the Church are divinely invested with the Holy Priesthood."

Are we duly impressed by the deep meaning, the solemn import of such a testimony as this? The possessor of such knowledge as herein expressed has indeed found a pearl of great price; he is already endowed with riches of celestial worth.

A knowledge and conviction of the Gospel truth is a saving gift,—a gift which as

promised aforetime shall make men free; to know the Father and Jesus the Christ is to win eternal life. So great is the gift, so blessed is the recipient, that no individual testimony is to be regarded lightly or spoken of thoughtlessly. When expressed in place and in season, as prompted and directed by the spirit of wisdom, the testimony so borne is sure to accomplish good; it becomes a source of encouragement to the listener who perchance was in a state of doubt and despair; it may be a means of conversion to the uninstructed but sincere truth-seeker.

The sanctity of a true testimony should inspire a thoughtful care as to its use. That testimony is not to be forced upon everybody, nor is it to be proclaimed at large from the housetop. It is not to be voiced merely to "fill up the time" in a public meeting; far less to excuse or disguise the speaker's poverty of thought or ignorance of the truth he is called to expound.

There are many in our Church who seem to regard the proclaiming of their conviction regarding the truth of the Gospel, the bearing of their testimony—as fully meeting all requirements of any speaker called to address the people in worshiping assemblies, on any and every occasion. That such a conception is false a little thought will show. How plainly inconsistent is it to boldly declare that the Gospel we teach is true, and yet be inexcusably ignorant as to the principles and precepts of the Gospel itself. A testimony of the truth enshrined in the honest soul as a precious gift from God, does not give to its owner a knowledge of the scriptures, or an understanding of the plan of salvation. The possession of such a testimony should of itself be an effective incentive to study, research, and prayerful investigation; it is a light to the feet that tread the path of wisdom, not a cloak to hide the ignorance due to sloth.

The individual testimony is a personal possession. One cannot give his testimony

to another, yet he is able to aid his earnest brother in gaining a true testimony for himself. The over-zealous missionary may be influenced by the misleading thought that the bearing of his testimony to those who have not before heard the Gospel message, is to convince or condemn, as the bearers accept or reject. The elder is sent into the field to preach the Gospel—the good news of its restoration to earth, showing by scriptural evidence the harmony of the new message with the predictions of earlier times; expounding the truths embodied in the first principles of the Gospel; then if he bear his testimony under divine inspiration, such a testimony is as a seal attesting the genuineness of the truths he has declared, and so appealing to the receptive soul whose ears have been saluted by the heaven-sent message.

In the organized wards of the Church, testimony meetings are provided for. These gatherings are characterized by the voluntary expression of individual testimony regarding the restored Gospel and as to the divine grace and goodness shown in personal experience of blessings received. In meetings of this kind, testimony-bearing is in place, and operates as a source of help and encouragement to the participants.

But the voicing of one's testimony, however eloquently phrased or beautifully expressed, is no fit or acceptable substitute for the needed discourse of instruction and counsel expected in a general gathering of the people. The man who professes a testimony as herein described, and who assumes that his testimony embraces all the knowledge he needs, and who therefore lives in indolence and ignorance, shall surely discover his error to his own cost and loss. A gift from God, if neglected, or unworthily used, is in time withdrawn; the testimony of the truth will not remain with one who, having received, uses not the sacred gift in the cause of individual and general advancement.

Study the scriptures; the spirit of your testimony will be both interpreter and teacher of the priceless truths. Be not afraid to express your testimony in speech, to boldly declare it aloud whenever you are inspired or properly directed so to do; but use not the gift for display or other unworthy purpose.

Search out the truth of the written word; listen for and receive the truth declared by living prophets and teachers; enrich your minds with the best of knowledge and facts. Of those who speak in His name, the Lord requires humility, not ignorance. Intelligence is the glory of God; and no man can be saved in ignorance.

Study and strive to acquire the knowledge that leads toward, and the wisdom that shall reach, the goal of life eternal. Your testimony as to the truth of the restored Gospel may operate toward salvation or condemnation as it is used or misused.

SOWING TO THE WIND.

THE recent demand upon a court in Idaho by the miners' union for the release, under bail, of the men indicted for the murder of ex-Governor Steunenberg, illustrates a dangerous tendency in the attitude of the people of the United States toward the judicial department of our government. It has been the boast of our free institutions that the judiciary is free and untrammelled in the exercise of an independent and unbiased judgment. When the Constitution of the United States was established, the answer to the expressed fear that the government would be subject to popular demonstration in periods of excitement, was that our judicial department and a conservative senate would serve as a balance wheel.

For upwards of a century there has been a profound feeling that our judiciary and other departments of our government act-

ing in a judicial capacity, should be absolutely free from public demonstrations and all other outside pressure. When the liberty, the property, and other sacred rights of the citizens of our republic are put in question, it is absolutely necessary that they be not jeopardized by the minds of a judiciary under undue bias or under the fear of public condemnation.

It is very well known that the political department of our government is greatly swayed by public opinion, especially in periods of excitement. It is known that those who represent it must give heed largely to the demands of their constituency, even though those demands may be at variance with their own conservative judgment and deeper knowledge of the facts. When, however, the people of this country deal with the judicial functions as they do with the political, public clamor is likely to become the most powerful influence in shaping the conduct of the government and in determining the most sacred rights of the citizen.

There are two forces today in the United States that operate in a more or less clamorous manner, and along with the intended good to be brought about by public agitation, there are evils of the gravest sort threatened to the future of our country. One of these forces is seen in the ministerial associations, which, losing hold upon the lives and conduct of their members, undertake to interest and satisfy them by making war upon unpopular creeds. The other force is seen in the labor organizations, many of whose aims are praiseworthy, but whose excessive and improper demands are beginning to manifest themselves in clamorous appeals to departments of our government that should be left to act in a conservative and unbiased manner.

Now that the women of the country are beginning to divest themselves of the responsibilities of motherhood, they be-

come a very desirable factor in the hands of the ministry for public clamor. Their emotional natures and unnatural lives make them creatures of excitement. Although the franchise is not generally exercised by them, professional political workers are everywhere more numerous recruited from their ranks. They are most successful in soliciting campaign contributions. Where they have money, they are liberal in its expenditure for political purposes, and the women of the United States are today exercising political power in a manner not dreamed of a century ago. The real destruction of the American home is brought about by the wilfully motherless member of the mothers' clubs and other women societies that are now clamoring for measures to punish the "Mormon" people, almost every one of whose homes is blessed with children, and feelings of the sacred responsibility which attaches to motherhood. It is one of the inherent weaknesses of human nature to saddle upon others its own wrongs, individual and public.

If those who are exercising judicial functions, either in the judiciary or legislative departments of our government, yield to public clamor in violation of both their conscience and their oaths, in the treatment of an unpopular class today, who can say who will not be victims tomorrow? Yielding to public clamor against an unpopular people is sowing to the wind; and men who stand high in the service of our country must expect in the future to bear hereafter the menace and threat of unscrupulous public agitators who have some selfish ends to accomplish.

People of this country should be wary of the professional public agitator, for he is gaining ground in the United States and is feeding upon the power by which he grows. A senseless public clamor has been from the earliest times one of the most dangerous enemies to liberal institutions and to

the inalienable rights of man. It is to be hoped that it will not gain ground in this land, for nothing takes on the violence of the whirlwind more than wild agitation and noisily and craftily directed public clamor.

Jos. F. Smith.



NO SCRIPTURE OF ANY PRIVATE INTERPRETATION.

THE last fifty years have been an era of skepticism run riot. Everything that could possibly be discredited was doubted; but the discovery of radium, the X rays, and other marvels of nature, and the wonders of wireless telegraphy and the telephone, have somewhat turned the tide, and some intelligent men are now prepared to accept almost anything that is presented by reputable persons, that does not conflict with already known truths. They begin to realize something of the mysteries, forces and wonders of the creations of God and sense to a slight extent how little men know compared with what they do not know or even imagine. The deductions of scientists have so often been discredited that men today are not so ready to accept their unsupported hypotheses, as they were a few years ago, these hypotheses, which, in many cases, were simply wild guesses, have so often had to be revised. Lest we run to the other extreme, a word of advice to our teachers may be profitably given as to the need of wisdom and care in the selection of subjects of study in the auxiliary organizations of the Church, and in reading and study on doctrinal subjects specially. A tendency is still manifest to speculate rather than investigate on theological questions; and under the influence of such a tendency the most alluring topics are those about which we have the least actual knowledge,—the mysteries of the kingdom as they are styled in Scripture. The plain word of the Gospel is too frequently neglect-

ed if not forgotten under such conditions, and the love of the truth is allowed to languish. Still worse is the situation when the lover of mysteries fails to distinguish between his own conception and unauthorized exposition and the Word as it is written in the Scriptures.

With so much yet to be learned as Gospel truth actually revealed and made plain, and of importance so great to us individually, have we time to spend in speculation and mere hypothesis?



CONCORDANCE TO THE BOOK OF DOCTRINE AND COVENANTS.—A handy and much needed volume bearing the above title has just been published by the Deseret Sunday School Union. The Concordance is the work of Elder John A. Widtsoe, who has made a special study of the Book of Doctrine and Covenants for many years. As the Young Men's Mutual Improvement

Associations will study this book of latter-day revelations during the coming season, the Concordance will be thoroughly appreciated by the officers and members of that organization, as well as by missionaries abroad and Sunday School workers at home. The book is highly recommended by the General Authorities of the Church and General Superintendency of the Union. Price, full cloth, One Dollar, postpaid.



CHANGES IN THE BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.—Elder William A. Morton having been called by the First Presidency of the Church on a mission to Europe, to labor in the *Millennial Star* Office at Liverpool, Elder John A. Burt has been appointed to succeed him as business manager of the Union, and Elder Harold G. Reynolds to be superintendent of the agents of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

SELECTIONS.

HEREDITY.

Adam, the son of God.—Luke 3: 38.

Am I a creature of the past,
A past I never can unmake?
Do vital fetters bind me fast,
With lineal links I cannot break?

Be as it may, this truth I know:
The past holds good as well as ill,
And mine the choice, which strain shall throw
Its further influence o'er my will.

And in the long ancestral line
Thro' which I must be blessed or cursed,
I trace at length the name divine,
And find with joy it standeth first.

Sunday School Times.



IT is not great calamities that embitter existence; it is the petty vexations, the small jealousies, the little disappointments, the minor miseries, that make the heart

heavy and the temper sour. Don't let them. Anger is a pure waste of vitality; it is always foolish, and always disgraceful, except in some very rare cases when it is kindled by seeming wrong done to another; and even that noble rage seldom mends the matter.



TED and Frank were visiting grandpa in the country. One day they were very much interested in a stone wall which grandpa was laying.

In moving one of the stones, a lizard crawled out. The boys at once ran to tell mother.

"Mother," said Ted, "grandpa just dug up a blizzard!"

"Oh," said Frank, "it was not a blizzard; it was a wizard."

KINDERGARTEN

Edited By Donnette Smith Kesler and Rebecca Morris.

SECOND SUNDAY, AUGUST 12TH, 1906.

1. Song—"Good Morning to the Glad New Days"
2. Hymn.
3. The Lord's Prayer.
4. Song.

"Who Taught the Little Birds?" JUVENILE, May 1, 1905, p. 278.

5. Morning Talk.

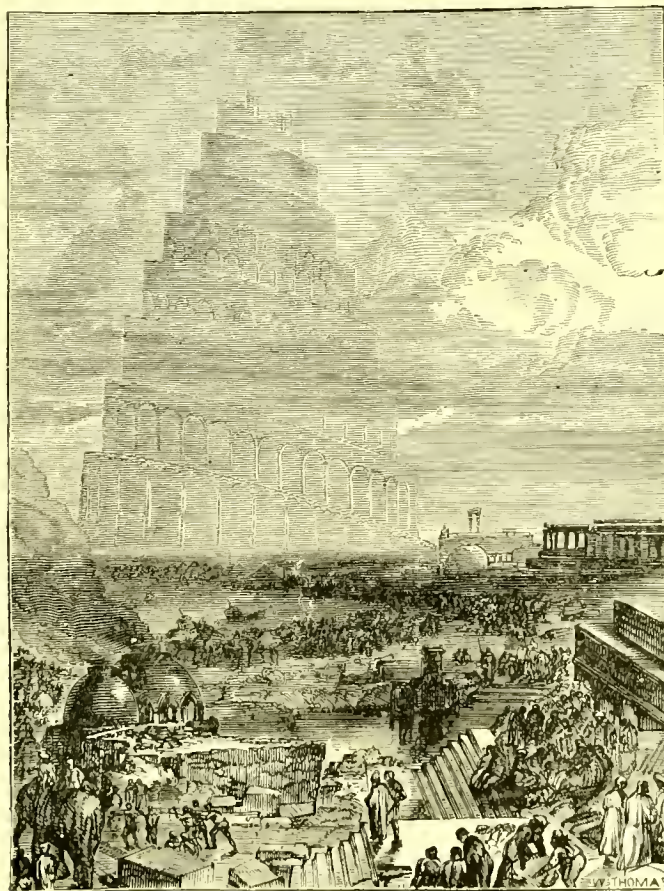
Who is all ready to tell me what he saw as he came to Sunday School this morn-

ing? We all have two eyes, and I want to see how many have been using their eyes since last Sunday. (Call on different ones to tell what they have seen—trees, flowers, birds, sunshine or clouds, other children, teachers, etc.) Encourage the children to observe the things about them and to love things that God has made.

6. Story.

THE TOWER OF BABEL.

Last Sunday our story told us about a good man named Noah, who always tried



BUILDING THE TOWER OF BABEL.

to serve the Lord. Who can tell me what the Lord told Noah to build? Why was Noah commanded to build the ark? The Lord told Noah that because the people were so wicked He was going to send a big flood to cover the earth, to wash the earth and make it clean.

Noah and his family were saved from the waters because they went into the ark, with two of each kind of all the animals and birds that were living. And they took seeds so that they could plant them when the ground became dry again.

After the flood, Noah and his family came out of the ark with all they had with them, and after thanking the Lord for saving them, they began to make themselves new homes. Their children grew up to be men and women, and at last there were so many people that some went to one place and some to another, to build large cities. (Explain.)

They all spoke the same language, so that everyone understood what everyone else said.

One day they said one to another, "Let us make brick and burn them thoroughly, and let us build us a city and a high tower whose top may reach into heaven." Just think what a high tower it would have to be to reach a way up so high that the top could not be seen! Higher than any house, or store, or temple or tower that we have ever seen.

They all worked hard, and one day the Lord came down to see the city and tower that they were building, and the Lord saw that they were all united—that they had only one language, and that all together they would do many great things which would not be good.

Their idea of trying to climb to heaven was wrong. We can reach heaven only by obeying the Lord and living as Jesus taught us to live. So the Lord changed their language that one person could not understand another person when they

tried to talk together. Then they were scattered all over the earth, and they did not finish building the tower and city, which they called Babel, because "it was there that the Lord confounded the language of all the people of the earth and scattered the people upon the face of the earth."

Nowadays when people travel to a new country, and when our Elders are sent to preach to people who do not speak English, as we do, they have to learn to talk like the people they are with, before they can make them understand what they have to say to them.

7. Rest Exercise.

Teachers close their eyes when children arise. See if this can be done so quietly that no sound can be heard.

Let one child choose a song to be sung while all are standing.

8. Nature Story. Choose.

9. Children's Period.

10. Closing Song. Prayer. March out.



THIRD SUNDAY, AUGUST 19TH, 1906.

Thought for teacher: Work.

1. Song. Choose.

2. Hymn. "Father of All."

3. The Lord's Prayer.

4. Song "In a Hedge," etc. Elinor Smith, page 57.

5. Morning Talk.

Now I want every pair of eyes to look right into mine so that I can see what color they are, and if the boys and girls who brought them to Sunday School are wide awake. Yes, I believe everybody is ready to help me to sing "Lips say 'Good morning,' Eyes laugh 'Good morning,' Heads bow 'Good morning to teacher dear.'" Now let all the lips and eyes and heads talk to me while we sing. (Sing the song with expression and feeling. This will come naturally if the children are interested.) Song—Smith book, page 8. Change last

line as follows: "For welcome are teachers and playmates here."

Last Sunday we talked about ever so many things that we saw on our way to Sunday School. Did any of you see something that we did not talk about, as they went home? Who can tell me what this is that my finger is touching (touch your own or a child's ear). What is it for? Who heard something that they thought was very nice as they came to Sunday School this morning? (Talk of the songs of birds, sounds of running water, humming of bees, music in nature and in the home.)

6 Nature Story.

A little girl, one day in the month of May, dropped a Morning Glory seed into a small hole in the ground, and said, "Now, Morning Glory seed, hurry and grow, grow, grow, until you are a tall vine covered with pretty green leaves and lovely trumpet flowers."

But the earth was very dry, for there had been no rain for a long time, and the little girl had not thought to water the seed, so the poor little thing could not grow at all.

After lying patiently in the hole for several days and nights, the tiny seed said to the ground around it,

"O ground, please give me a few drops of water, to soften my hard, brown coat, so that it may burst open and set free my two green seed leaves, and then I can begin to be a vine."

But the ground said: "That you must ask of the rain."

So the seed called to the rain: "O rain, please come down and wet the ground around me, so that it may give a few drops of water. Then will my hard, brown coat grow softer and softer, until at last it can burst open and set free my two green seed-leaves, and I can begin to be a vine."

But the rain said: "I cannot unless the clouds hang low."

So the seed called to the clouds: "O clouds, please hang low and let the rain come down and wet the ground around me, so that it may give me a few drops of water, then will my hard, brown coat grow softer and softer, until at last it can burst open and set free my two green seed-leaves and I can begin to be a vine."

But the clouds said: "The sun must hide first."

So the seed called to the sun: "O sun, please hide for a little while, so that the clouds may hang low and the rain come down and wet the ground around me. Then will the ground give me a few drops of water, and my hard, brown coat grow softer and softer, until at last it can burst open and set free my two green seed-leaves, and I can begin to be a vine"

"I will," said the sun, and he was gone in a flash. Then the clouds began to hang lower and lower, and the rain began to fall faster and faster, and the ground began to grow wetter and wetter, and the seed-coat began to grow softer and softer, until at last, open it burst!

Then out came two bright, green seed-leaves and the Morning Glory seed soon grew to be a vine.

7. Rest Exercise. Choose.

9. Bible Story. Choose.

9. Children's Period.

10. Practice one or two Songs.

11. Closing Period.



FOR THE TEACHERS TO READ.

Children who live on a farm should receive different training from those who live in cities, said a pupil in the nature study work at the University of Utah recently.

Farm work could not be studied, the professor observed, in the heart of Chicago, where none of the children up to the sixth grade have yet seen a tree in all its cycles of growth, flowering and fruitbear-

ing. Here we have greater opportunities.

As soon as possible we should break away from books and study things; and the things we study should be those at hand—those which the environment gives us. In cities, the industrial life should receive careful consideration; in the country, the activities of farm life should supply the central topic. The interest of the child is determined mainly by the apparent influence upon him. In considering the topic of the last lesson—the weather, it is always of interest to show that the weather governs the occupations of many people and affects that of all. In our latitude, masons, carpenters, glaziers, etc., work mostly because we have a cold winter; for in the tropics the labors of building are not extensive.

The children discover the cause of this difference, though at first they may discover slowly. If the child finally discovers the fact for himself, he will see also the real relation; and this discovery will be more valuable than many facts, for it will teach the child how to be an observer, an explorer, and one who discovers causes. It is true that the teacher could tell the student this fact in a minute, and it may cost the student a long course of observa-

tion to discover it; hence some have considered nature work a slow process, and have preferred to tell the child certain things that the child might find out by being trained to observe. Remember that we are trained to perceive, and that we generally see what we are looking for, and nothing else.

Ours is a land of sunshine. The child should begin to observe what the sun does for us. Put a geranium leaf into a glass containing colored water and place it in the sunshine. The color soon goes into the leaf, but will not do so in the dark. Sunshine is money to the lucern raiser and the beet grower. We have to irrigate, but do not lose the growth of vegetation during the periods of clouds and rain that moist countries have. The recent cool weather means the loss of tens of thousands of dollars to our farmers. A botanist estimates that the change of one degree in the average temperature of a place would make a tremendous difference in the amount, and even in the kind of its vegetable products. The wheat on the school farm yonder has stood almost still, without growth, for several weeks, because of the unusual cool and cloudy weather, but it is now making rapid progress.

THE BLIND.

Poor Marda's brown eyes are sightless,
She ne'er hath beheld the sun,
Or the light of the hills of morn,
Or the stars when day is done.

She heareth the wind in the trees,
She loveth the perfume of flowers,
She seemeth a loving sunbeam,
Making glad the saddest hours.

She dwells in a world of fancy
Which pity and love make bright;
She feels the throb of the world's kind heart,
Nor grieves at the long, long night.

Of evil deeds she has never heard,
And naught she knoweth of sin;

She knows of the goodness of God,
In the peaceful world shut in.

Near Marda's home a scholar dwells,
Beholdeth her every day;
A skeptic he—with heart of stone;
He scoffs at the narrow way.

He looks on the hills of morning
And thinks of the gold there found;
He looketh on the wind-swayed trees,
Yet hears no musical sound.

When cometh the "Angel of Death,"
This seeker of gold will find
Marda saw with spiritual eyes,
And that he alone was blind.

Maud Baggarley.

CURRENT TOPICS.

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS.



EVER since the Moroccan conference held in Algeciras, Spain, the world has been treated to the novel spectacle of an *entete cordiale*, as the diplomats call it, between great Britain and Russia. Ever since Salisbury declared a few years ago that in the Crimean war, Great Britain put up her money on the wrong horse, there has been a suspicion that her foremost statesman was handing complimentary bouquets to Russia in such an amicable mood that the Czar's advisers must be hard hearted indeed not to reciprocate some of the tender feelings Great Britain was manifesting for their country.

As long as Great Britain was the chief adviser to the Sultan of Turkey and the protector of Constantinople, Russia and Great Britain did not get along well together. No doubt Great Britain felt that a friendly interest in the Sultan would be a sedative to the religious allegiance which her Mohammedan subjects in India paid to Abdul Hamid. As long as England kept Turkey within the sphere of her influence, the Russians evidently found much satisfaction in tormenting Great Britain by an aggressive diplomacy and by actual conquest in those countries bordering upon India.

Conditions have changed. Constantinople is not what it used to be to great Britain. In the first place, it has capitulated in a large measure both commercially and politically to the German Emperor, whose subjects are crowding their wares into Constantinople at the expense of Great Britain, whose trade there is small when compared with what it once was. The Emperor's financiers are building railroads in Asia Minor and hope to exploit the resources of that country.

On the other hand, Great Britain and Japan have entered into a treaty that makes Russian aggression in the direction of India very dangerous. Russia does not therefore care what it used to for its expansion in Asia; and England has much less at stake in Constantinople than it used to have. Since the conditions which gave rise to the enmity between these two great nations have changed, there is no longer any excuse for the continuance of that enmity.

Russia has more reason to fear Germany's attitude in Turkey than that of Great Britain. Great Britain finds it possible to press Germany hard by the help of Russia. It is therefore arranged between the two that Russian influence shall preponderate in northern Persia and English in the south and about the Persian Gulf. England had come to a friendly understanding with France and could therefore entertain the friendliest relations to the French and the Russians who are allies. The German policy has always been one of cordiality towards Russia. In the Russian war with Japan, German sympathy was always on the Russian side, and naturally enough the Germans felt disappointed when the Russians sided so strongly with France and England in the Moroccan difficulty.

In the past the papers of Great Britain have had much to say about the inconsistency between France, which is a republic, and Russia, which is the worst despotism of all Europe. Now that Great Britain has accepted Russia as a bed-fellow, what do the English think of themselves? It is a strange spectacle in view of their past animosities.

The massacre of Bielostok may cool the ardor of the English, who are bound to feel horrified over unrestrained violence

and intolerance. Jewish financiers of London may put the brake on, but the cordiality between England and Russia will increase.

ENCOURAGING TO THE RUBBER INDUSTRY.

THOSE interested in the cultivation of the rubber tree whose products heretofore have come almost wholly from that tree in its wild state will feel some encouragement in the rapidly advancing price of rubber. The constantly increasing demand for rubber in electrical insulation and its use for vehicles, especially automobiles, makes the supply quite insufficient. The total output of the world's rubber is only 60,000 tons annually. Ten years ago this country imported \$16,600,000 worth. Last year its importation of rubber amounted to \$49,900,000. In ten years the price jumped from 45 cents to 75 cents a pound.

Africa and South America are our chief sources, although a small quantity is obtained from Mexico and Central America. The supply of cultivated rubber is very small and the problem of the cultivated rubber tree plantation must yet be solved.

The extension of railroads into Africa and South America will do much to increase the rubber supply, but it is hardly likely that the supply for many years will be anything like equal to the demand. Thus far no substitute has been found for rubber, although it is believed that rubber may be had in commercial quantities from the Guayule plant. The American capitalists are now experimenting with this plant in Mexico.

A CASE FOR SYMPATHY.

THE Illinois girl who recently broke her arm in her endeavor to fasten the waist of her dress which was buttoned behind will probably receive universal sympathy of her sex. Men are not likely to appreciate the difficulties and dangers of fastening buttons at long range. It must be said, however, that those waists whose fastenings meander from somewhere about the waist in front and behind, under the arm, and over the shoulder round to the neck have been objects of wonder and curiosity to casual observers who will not be surprised that some one has broken her arm in her almost superhuman effort to fasten herself up.

POLITENESS.

WHEN General Washington danced the stately minuet with Sallie Fairfax, history tells us that he placed his hand over his heart and bowed very low. How gallant he must have appeared in his velvet knee-breeches and silver-buckled slippers and how like a lady, she. Nowadays, when a gentleman speaks to a lady, he lifts his hat as though he were conferring an honor upon her. The old time deference and courtesy of manner seems to have gone out of style in the treadmill of the present duties of today and yet if one could realize

the effect of the tender grace of manner of "the good old days" when every lady was a heroine and every man a hero, I am sure there would be more consideration given in the passing salutation. A cheerful countenance is as refreshing to a tired mind as the dew to the flowers and oftentimes revives many despairing thoughts.

Our most prominent writers have paid all kinds of pretty tributes to charming manner. Sir Philip Sydney said that life was not so short but there was always time for courtesy. Very few people take the

lesson to heart in hurrying to catch cars and stumbling over other people. The lack of this principle reminds me of a story of a Russian princess who was traveling under an assumed name. A young American was on the same steamer and thought a little flirtation could do no harm and that it would be a pleasant way to "pass" the voyage. Little he knew of her real identity and he disgraced entire America in her eyes by his familiar, rude manners. When they arrived at New York he was absolutely in love with her, although she had maintained a dignified reserve throughout the drama and had given him no encouragement whatever in his advances towards her. At parting she gave him her card bearing her real title and he withdrew abashed. Imagine his estimate of himself. Imagine hers for both. It is a good lesson to heed. Had she not met charming people afterwards she would always have had a poor opinion of courtesy in America. We not only reveal our own selves in our outward bearing but we represent also, the country to which we belong. Benjamin Franklin, or Poor Richard, said long ago. "Give a boy address and accomplishment and he will make his way through life," for there is something undoubtedly in a fine air.

Not foppish or officious mannerism but genuine politeness will always win.

I believe we all remember the story or poem in our school readers entitled "Somebody's Mother," where the youth leaves his playmates to assist a little old lady over a dangerous crossing for in his natural manly heart he had the instinct and reverence to recognize that she really was "Somebody's Mother," entitled to the reverence and due respect such a holy character has the right to command. We will also recall the blessing that boy received that night in her prayers and her invocation to Him to bestow upon the youth the kindly favor of His grace. If we could have more Sir Walter Raleighs and the charm of manners "When Knighthood Was In Flower" we could appreciate Emerson's tribute. "Beautiful behavior gives a higher pleasure than statues or pictures, for it is the finest of the fine arts."

After all, life is very short and we can certainly strew flowers behind our path as well as thorns, keeping in mind the exalted words of Alexander Pope:

"Honor and shame from no conditions
rise,

Act well your part, there all the honor
lies."

Dolores Watts.

A BLIND RAT.

THE intelligence of rats has often been commented upon, and there is nothing more remarkable than the way in which they steal eggs. It is well known that a rat, after it has got an egg, will hold the egg firmly between its four legs, then turn over upon its back, and, remaining in that position, allow itself to be dragged along by other rats until the nest has been reached.

But even stranger examples of the intelligence of a rat have been furnished. We all remember the nursery rhyme about

three blind mice who ran after the farmer's wife, and had their tails cut off with a carving knife. Here is a story, however, of a blind rat, and, like the nursery tale, it also has a tragic ending:

A man who lives in the suburban portion of a certain city has a large barn near his house, where he keeps horses and cows, and also a number of chickens. The presence of corn and grain about the barn naturally attracts many rats, and they frequently come out in the barnyard for food or to play.

Among the rats, the people of the house observed one that was a rare specimen of its tribe, its coat being of the purest white. Strangely, too, this same rat, whenever it was seen, had another rat with it that seemed to be leading it.

The people thought this so peculiar that they decided to watch the rodents more closely, and they soon noticed that the white rat always held a straw in its mouth, by which the other rat led it. They therefore came to the conclusion that it was blind.

Sometimes, when a particularly good lot of corn was found, the blind rat would drop the straw and satisfy its hunger. But it was always able, by some movement, to bring back one of its friends, who would pick up the straw, put it in the blind rat's mouth, and lead the unfortunate one to the nest under the barn.

Distant from the barn a hundred yards, there was a brook that wound its way through a ravine, and one of the most remarkable things noted was the fact that once every day the blind rat was led by another rat down to the brook to get a drink. When the blind rat had satisfied its thirst, the straw was put into its mouth by its attendant, and it was led carefully home.

One day, some boys, who were not acquainted with the story of the blind rat, saw the two animals coming from the creek, and made a charge upon them. The guide tried to hurry up the blind rat, but was finally compelled to let go the straw and scamper off to save itself while the white rat thus left helpless, ran blindly around, and the boys caught and killed it. Had they known its condition they would have spared it.

Exchange.

A GENEROUS HORSE.

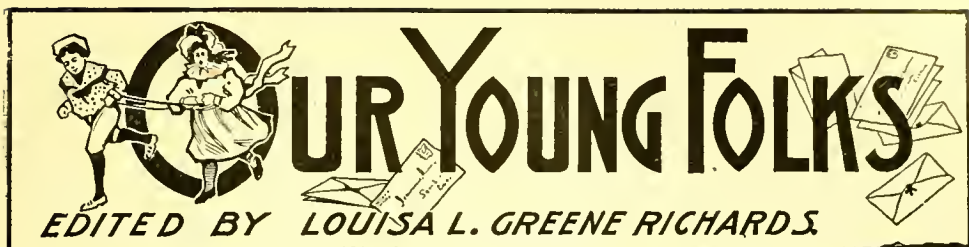
THE horse is generally rated as one of the most intelligent of animals, and a pretty incident that was witnessed by a number of persons yesterday shows that generosity also enters into his character.

Two fine-looking horses attached to single buggies were hitched at the curb opposite the Chestnut Street entrance to the Merchants' Exchange. They were hitched several feet apart, but the hitching straps allowed them sufficient liberty of movement to get their heads together if they so desired. The owner of one of them had taken the opportunity of a prolonged stop to give his horse a feed of oats, which was placed on the edge of the sidewalk in a bag.

The horse was contentedly munching his oats, when his attention was attracted by the actions of the other horse. The other horse was evidently very hungry. He eyed

the plentiful supply of oats wistfully and neighed in an insinuating manner. The horse with the feed pricked up his ears politely and replied with a neigh, which must have been in horse language an invitation to the other fellow to help himself. Evidently he accepted it as such, for he moved along in the direction of the bag, as far as his hitching strap would permit. But the strap was not long enough, and his hungry mouth fell about a yard short of the bag.

The other horse noticed and seemed to appreciate this difficulty. Fortunately there was some leeway to his strap. So he moved slowly along the curb, pushing the bag with his nose, until the other horse was able to reach it. Then, after a friendly nose rub of satisfaction, the two horses contentedly finished the oats together.—*St. Louis Republic.*



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THE BOY SHOEMAKER OF BERRYVILLE.

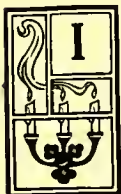
XXXVI.

Live so that they who touch thy hand,
Or look into thine eyes,
May gain therefrom new strength to stand,
Or, fallen, faith to rise.

Speak, that your words may reach the heart
Of everyone who hears;
Hope, trust and courage to impart,
The peace that warms and cheers.

So let thy light and influence shine,
That others, led thereby,
May emulate the Life Divine,
And God's name glorify.

Passing Over Seven Years—Changes—The Hetherley Home School—Unexpected Visitors Arrive.



N no great lapse of time, as things appear in looking backward, wonderful changes are sometimes developed in places and people. It was so with the Zellon place and its two young occupants, Carlos Hetherley and Jemmy O'Lang.

When seven years had passed from the time Carl purchased the property and secured his title to it—which Mr. Bonner held in trust for him until he should become of age, so he could lawfully hold it himself—the place would scarcely have been recognized as the one the old prospector had lived on.

The house had been neatly repaired and painted outside and in. The summer kitchen, or laundry, had an extension, and was made into a good-sized, comfortable, light and airy shoemaker's shop,

with several modern improvements in the way of machinery.

The place had an excellent fence all around it now, which also showed an advancement on former days. Well kept, pretty lawns, with patches of beautiful flowers, surrounded the house and shop; this was principally Jemmy's work, in which he took great satisfaction.

The chickens' premises had been largely extended, until a fine poultry yard added much to the business-like and home-like appearance of the place. Two lengthy ditches had been plowed and dug, connecting Berry creek with the old prospect hole, which also had been much enlarged. The upper, or south ditch, brought the water from the creek and filled the hole, making a large pond or small lake of it; and the lower or south ditch was an outlet for the overflow, carrying it back to the creek. There were ducks and geese swimming on the pretty little lake, and grass and bushes which the boys had planted, growing on its banks. A rough but substantial small boat was fastened with a strong rope to a couple of deeply set posts, suggestive of boyish amusements.

And the boys. They were tall, broad-shouldered, deep-chested young men now, Carl a little past, and Jem nearing twenty. They had also found other resources for increasing their worldly possessions besides their shoemaking and poultry raising; resources which not only occupied thought and time, but increased their store of knowledge and consequent happiness.

There were crowds of young boys who,

for various reasons, could not go to school in the day time, and were glad to go to "The Hetherley Home," as the place was now called, and form evening classes. Carl gave them lessons in grammar, arithmetic and penmanship, while Jem taught them to sing and play the flute, the drum and the fife. And more than this, both of the young teachers took great pains always to impress their pupils with a strong, deep sense of the importance of being polite and gentlemanly and of cultivating kind and obliging dispositions.

The Hetherley Home School was original in many respects, not patterning after the established rules of any special institute of learning. But it was wisely conducted, the wisdom of its youthful founders and teachers being greatly enhanced by their constant observance of the admonition of the Apostle James in his General Epistle, first chapter and fifth verse. And boys liked the school. The sons of rich people as well as of the poor folks went there because they enjoyed it, and felt the benefit they received was worth more than the dollar a month charged, which they willingly paid without ever being reminded of it. Some of the wealthier ones also gratuitously assisted in bearing the common expenses of the school. This was done as an offset to the liberality shown by the teachers in giving instructions just as freely to several poor boys who could not pay the tuition fee as did the richest ones who came.

No difference was ever shown between the rich and the poor boys—all shared equally the advantages of the school. This principle had been clearly explained to the boys by Carl, and they all believed in it and thought it a good law. So peace and good feeling and continuous progression reigned in the school and the home.

It was a quiet summer evening. Carl was just finishing off an extra fine pair of boots for a traveling gentleman who want-

ed them right away, when Jemmy went out to attend to the chores about the poultry yard.

"See, Frisk!" Jem called to his faithful old dog. "Look there, some of the ducks are staying too late on the lake. Bring them, Frisk, good fellow."

Frisk readily obeyed, being very cautious not to frighten and excite the ducks, but swimming around them and gathering them in with as much care and intelligence as a human being would have exhibited.

Soon the chores were all attended to outside and Jem and Frisk started for the house.

There was a carriage approaching the home. Frisk discovered it first, and stopping suddenly, gave a short, low bark, as if to attract his master's attention to the moving object. Jem looked up and saw the carriage, too.

"What!" he said. "That is not Judge Lotzie and the gentleman he was to bring here for the boots!" (They did not take their work to their customers generally now, people came to the Home for the footwear with which Carl provided them.)

"Look, Carl; that is not the Judge's carriage!" continued Jem as he entered the house.

"No!" answered Carl, looking out of the open door. "That is a hack from the depot, and there is a lady and a gentleman in it. Who in the world can they be?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LETTER-BOX.

Enigma.

MOAB, UTAH.

I take pleasure in the Letter-Box, and am sending a star-path, historical enigma. Read downwards, the first and final letters of the words given to be guessed, and each line spells the name of a President of our Church.

1, an animal related to the dog and wolf, found in Asia and Africa.

2, a town and county on Green Bay, Wisconsin.

3, one who saves or delivers; the Son of God.

4, the king of birds.

5, a place in New Jersey where Washington defeated Cornwallis.

6, a great physicist of the nineteenth century.

7, a dry starch or paste prepared from several plants and used as a diet.

8, the financier of the American revolution.

9, the native American.

10, a vine and its fruit.

11, a kind of tree or bush; a hesitation in speaking.

REUBEN McCONKIE.

Answer and Charade.

GUNNISON, UTAH.

I have worked out many of the charades, and find the answer to Clara Larsen's, in the 1st of July number to be "Abraham Lincoln." I will send one composed of 8 letters.

6, 7, 4, 5, 2, 1, an ancient prophet.

1, 2, 7, 6, a metal.

8, 7, 4, 6, particles of stony matter.

2, 4, 6, the conclusion.

The whole is the name of a Grecian hero.

LEON NYREHN.

Letter and Answer to Charades.

CEDAR CITY, UTAH.

I have been reading the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and think it is very nice for the little boys and girls to have a corner in it. It seems to me that it is a good way to get acquainted with each other. I think, too, that the magazine is a great help for us children. We have lovely things to read

in it. I enjoy the story entitled "The Boy Shoemaker of Berryville" very much. As soon as the JUVENILE comes into the house the first thing I turn to is that story. I will give the answers to some of the charades in the last number, July 1. I think the answer to Mercy Blackman's charade is "JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR," and Joseph Jenkins' is "Father." I will leave the the other one for somebody else to give the guessing to.

VERA PACE, age 11 years.

Letter and Charade.

RIVERTON, UTAH.

I take much interest in all your letters, and I love to go to all the meetings, where we learn of the truth of the Gospel. I will send a charade composed of 7 letters.

6, 4, 7, is something we should not do in anger.

1, 2, 2, 3, a part of a house.

5, 2, 7, to possess.

My whole is something we should all strive to do.

LORENA BILLS, age 12 years.

A Sagebrush Country.

HEYBURN, IDAHO.

We came here last February from Twin Falls. We have Sunday School here. Brother George Hellewell is the Superintendent. Mama and Sister Nobles are my teachers. We live a mile and a half from town. This is a new place. The land is all in sagebrush. We have a sweet baby girl, born the 9th of March.

LAVONIA M. CLENDON.

A BABY'S HAND.

As soft as the petal of a rose

It lies on the downy spread;

Yet, clenched, some day, it may deal such blows

As the strongest man may dread.

It is tinted like a pretty shell
 Cast up on some tropic strand,
 But only the troubles years may tell
 Of the work of that weak hand.

Never a daintier thing was made,
 With its fingers frail and slim;

Yet God has given it strength to lead
 A wandering man to Him.

Oh, little frail thing lying there,
 As soft as a flake of snow,
 May it never be crimson-dyed and ne'er
 Deliver a wrongful blow.

Selected,

TRUST IN GOD.

Words by Thomas Grinfield.

Music by H. H. Petersen.

Moderato.

1. Oh how kindly Thou hast led me, Heav'nly Fa - ther day by day;
 2. Oh how slowly have I oft - en Followed where Thy band would draw!

Found my dwelling, clothed and fed me, Furnished friends to cheer my way!
 How Thy kindness failed to sof - ten! How Thy chast'ning failed to awe!

Didst Thou bless me, didst Thou chasten, With Thy smile or with Thy rod,
 Make me for Thy rest more ready, As Thy path is long - er trod;

'Twas that still my step might hasten, Homeward, heav'nward, to my God.
 Keep me in Thy friendship steady, Till Thou call me home, my God.



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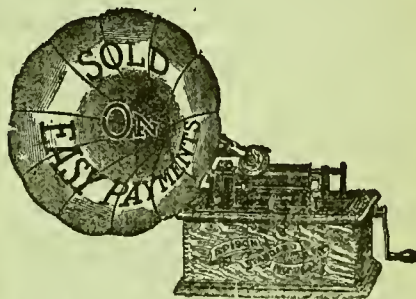
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